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UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER XIII.

INTRODUCTION.

NEWPORT.

Getting late in the season. Not so many carriages out of afternoons, "visitors can be very comfortably accommodated at hotels," relish dinner uncommonly more than usual, Old Mill looks greyer and older and tells stranger stories about the Norsemen. For be it observed, for the benefit of all doubters, Old Mill as it is sacrilegiously called, *was* and is a Norse tower, and no records of its having been repaired by some colonist shall ever convince me of its having been built in good old Colony times. *Vlan!* A likely shape indeed for an old Puritan to build a mill in—that of a real eight-arched Odin-tower—I'd as soon expect LOUIS at DELMONICO'S to hand me a ham sandwich with gold-leaf on top.

Yet we could all live very comfortably here—all the way to winter. Had grand fish-breakfast at the MORRYLTON Cottage yesterday morning—where *the* big sea-bass figured which Captain DICK caught—performed at a fruit supper last night at VAN DYSEN'S Cottage, where the grandfather of all watermelons, was aided by fabulous peaches—sweet and glowing as a maiden's yearnings—and flanked by Sauterne which might have been the blood of Venus.

When I commenced this chapter, I little imagined what a tremendous ending 'twould have!

RIEND BROADWAY—MRS. FITZSPLENDID BUCKHORNE wants you this evening you remember," said CATALPA with a smile, one after dinner drive. "You must go, for she has informed me confidentially that you have been promoted out of her books."

"Out!"——

"Of one book into another. Don't you know she keeps a set of society books, and a party-and-visiting-clerk—I mean her daughter! Her list of friends, connections, and so on, is immense, requiring great management. So she has one book in which she enters the names of one set, another for another, and so on. There is the Family Friend book—the Twenty Streets Book—the Madison Book—the antique Book of Stuyvesant Square—and the Literary and Lion Book. She is very careful not to invite one of any one set to an entertainment, gotten up for the others—excepting always the "Literary and Lion" people, some of whom she brings in at all parties.

"With the lights, flowers and suppers."

"Well—you figured for some time in two books but have now been advanced to the literary party. Dear soul—she's very particular in arranging everything to please her friends. When she found that her daughter had secretly written and published something she at once put her in——"

"With me. *Muchas gracias.* We'll be there."

It's certainly true that while of all shabby, heated, miserable affairs, American watering place hops and balls are generally the mis'rablest, I must admit that on the other hand some of the cheerfullest, rosiest, merriest little muslin flutters, which I ever attended, have been at cottages at such places. *Sans gene, a votre aise, sans facon*—bundle out all your comfortable, well-bred French free and easy-isms—how is it that all of these express *ease* so respectably while in English, after all, an approach to it seems—never mind. Well, MRS. BUCKHORNE has the art of making at home, and of conferring ease to perfection. Never mind the machinery which lies behind it all—'tis well invested, believe me oh Grumbler and Satirist—for it confers happiness. Not on *you* perhaps—but then you have your congenial dens—why not leave to the birds their leaved and flowering branches?

"Miss GOLDWYNNE! why where have you been all summer—Oh the old story, up at Tarrytown, and July here. Colonel who was that little Venus you were driving out yesterday? Come across the room and I'll introduce you to her—she's as perfect a Vanity Fairy as ever lived. MR. SPUYTENTUYFEL at last! Do show me your RANDOLPH. He does look like a Virginian, certainly—do you know I thought he was a make-believe character. Dr. MORNENKAL—we had the pleasure of seeing your nieces at West Point." New faces, old friends, chatter and clatter, all merry too. "Stuff" is it. "Nothing in it." Just so sir, there's nothing in the tinkling of bells, but I should be sorry never to hear them.

Silence there—CATALPA is at the piano. She sings. "*Come è per me sereno.*" Ah—is *that* nothing? Forget everything—time—place, people. I can do it when *she* sings. 'Tis perfectly safe to applaud her Ma'am—ROSSINI has done so—to say nothing of one BEER surnamed MEYER.

The wild wave of song! I am lost again as in the water-fall, the rush of the foam and in listening all day to the sobbing waves. MRS. FITZSPLENDID BUCKHORNE—I am indebted to you more than you dream of, much as you deserve, oh kind heart, and verily you have your reward if it can reward you to know that.

That superb institution is CATALPA. Isn't she delicious? Something on ice? On toast? With truffles? All to kill yet neither loud nor low. CAROLINE, CAROLINE, it is now the age of a young belle, in her first grande passion, since I nearly fell in love with you—and I've been falling in love with you every once in a while ever since. If I could only marry you occasionally, what a devoted husband I'd make. Ah—that fine night! As C. H. W. sings in the *Times:*

> "She wore a robe of muslin,
> The night when first we met;
> Her little feet were mousing
> Beneath her coatipet.
> Her dress had all the lightness
> Her air the stylish tone,
> That mark a belle of—(say
> Somewhere from fifteen to) twenty,
> With a fortune all her own."

Two hundred and fifty thousand shiners, if its a dime. Acres round the Central Park. Miles up the river. By Jove—if the Jouvin had only been on 'tother hand, I'd have—no—not proposed—that's used up—we know one another too well for that; but I'd have suggested the wisdom of my keeping a coach to her grays, and asked her if the next time I dropped in at GIMBREDE'S I shouldn't have her name put down as "*née* CATALPA" with something before it? Why not. There's FLINDERS, spreading the entire honey of her new-vijill affections on a midshipmanikin, or a cadet, or something in buttons—bless her let her go! Who was it advised *maison fait et femme à faire.* That may be his affair, not mine. Thunder! how CATALPA would come down with the devotion if she once started! I've half a mind to try it—'twould be a grand Imperial violet love—exploding a mine—opening a torrent of eternity full of solar systems of sympathetic worlds and coruscating with crackling comets of brilliant caprice.

By Jove! how well she looks. Superbia herself. What a bust, what a turn of the head, what a figure—Venus Callipyge is'nt it? no—that's too thin—Milos—no—that's a fraction too much up in muscle but it comes nearest to her.

She has been uncommonly kind of late to me—bah! she's always kind in that same sub-maternal, half-sisterly, second cousin,

devoted-young-aunt sort of way. Kind to everybody. Children. What a stunning mother she'd make to be sure! THORWALDSEN's isn't it—would be nowhere. By Jove! I wonder if she'd pose, and let me have her photographed in the same position with the young ones—one knee up—h'm—this *is* getting along rather fast.

If I didn't know that CAROLINE CATALPA has been for so many years eating her own heart for want of better food, if I didn't know that the whole intensity of her passionate nature has been ripened instead of cooled by twenty, and a good many odd summers, I go straight to her and tell her what a train I've got on to-night, looking at her shoulders all the evening. That low-necked-dress did it—I'll bet what you like. She's the most sensible person I know to talk over such a thing with. By Jove! I *did* do it once at Makg—no 'twas Madrid—when I thought I was in love, and she proved to me so conclusively that it was only the Sherry, with an illustrated Boccacio and the opera, that I was convinced, and went through the Escorial next morning, with her, cool as an iced melon. It takes me differently this time. I feel angry at fate, to see that splendid animal going without a buck through the forest of life. Fate! I feel grieved to see such a *reine d'amour* without a *roi* to concentrate on! I remember that sad, earnest word of hers last July at Cape May, wasn't it? When she spoke of dying with some *bon compagnon*—she meant me that's certain—and I do certainly feel as if those money, and that grey horses would do as well for me as any other man, *vlan!* If I heard to-morrow that CATALPA had lost every mortal copper, I hope I may be carried off, shrieking worse than Kansas, by fifteen hundred thousand cartloads of red imps with sky blue tails, if I wouldn't take my hat, go straight over the way and propose to her. Infernalize my future prospects if I wouldn't! Yes—I *am* getting steam up—heres the summer is gone and the harvest is ended, and I havn't got my corn in, and the sweet-potatoes are yet afield. Here goes!

O, Lady Reader, ar'nt you glad I've got to this point? Is'nt it delicious? Don't you wish you were I, or I you, or some of us somehow compounded or confounded into somebody else, *a la* RAFAELITA and MIGUEL. For I do solemnly assure you that if there ever was a man—or any other man—on the earth who enjoyed being in love all over a great deal and plenty of it, I am he. I enjoy all the tortures and scorchers which hurt common people so badly, just as HELOISE use to enjoy her whippings, St. LAWRENCE his gridiron, St. SEBASTIAN his arrows, St. FERREOL losing his geese, St. BYGOD his curses, and all the other saints each separately their beatific tortures and celestial agonies. By VENUS, Ma'am, if the saints knew their own, and if bearing pain with a good grace were a free pass to a lieutenant colonelcy in Elysium, I should be canonized forthwith on the most canorous of principles—

Ut cantent cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic amatori.

I do not think that I ever felt so lordly elated—so superbly calm—so absolutely satisfied that I had done, and was going to do the best possible of all good and pious things, as I did when I wound my way across Mrs. BUCKHORNE's parlor to CAROLINE CATALPA. I measured the distance before me with my eye, as MACREADY used to do before he marched up to an *effect*. "There," said I—for I love to talk to myself when I have time—"is just one rod between me and eternity—I mean paradise. Cross that Rubicon, leap that Barbican—and the fort becomes piano. Brownstone double front with two undoubted Rembrandts in the front parlor—(KUGLER, PASSAVANT and WAAGEN have endorsed them)—a portfolio of Marc Antonios and Durers in the boudoir. Real Pompeii bronzes, real Etruscan vases, real Florentine ivory, real Faenza, real niello salvers and cups, and a library to take one's hair off! Armory, wine-cellar—and the whole concern after all only dust and trash compared to CATALPA herself.

As I stepped forward to where she sat, she without seeing me, she rose and went out on the balcony. It was a deliciously retired place, and I gave her five minutes of solitude to inhale melancholy and moonlight——

"And I will tell her when I bowed
My knee in other years,
I was not half so eloquent—
I could not speak for tears."

I could hardly speak for tears as it was, Madame, despite the profane brown-stone thoughts which had flitted through my mind an instant before. Bah!—to him or her who sees the world eagle-eyed from a high mountain, a glance takes in sweeping; sheep and castles, stumps and fair towns, butterflies and bridges—plain, valley, river. Only the short sight in the coal-pit sees only one thing at a time—admits but one range of thought. Add that in this thing CATALPA and I are more alike than any two mortals in existence—sinners that we are!

I sat down by her and saw that she was in heart tune for the touch. She made room in her own usual kindly manner—just then there came a slightly chilling breeze—one of the first delicate harbingers of autumn, and a light shudder—though hardly of cold—thrilled her. The last summer party—the Newport season over—the first breeze of winter—

Ah—*our* life summers will be so soon over—no provision made yet for love, that great want of life. I saw all that in that first shiver. Oh Pride, oh Marble, oh World, oh Society, oh Litany of all that petrifies, ye tremble at a breeze, and are ashes before one spark of nature.

"I have brought you a shawl," I said. "It's growing cool."

"A shawl! Where?"

"I speak in parables. I have been keeping it for you—all summer."

She was quiet and I went on.

"Do you remember the other day—when the summer was young—proposing to pass away quietly into death—and the—Final? *You* know that when I descend to my earnest, real vein, I am in earnest and act on it. I am there now."

She looked at me as if grateful for the sympathy.

"But there is one better thing than death. And only one. That is Love. *Do* give me the one or the other. No one else can, I'm weary and lost. Ah—you never thought it—but there are really more fine days in Autumn than in summer—when one has a shawl after dark!"

"BROADWAY—this is one of your old freaks."

"It's on a grand and sorrowful scale then. I've been hard at work now for seven years, getting tired of everybody and everything except you. The butterflies flit away—the waves roll back—you only remain. Oh, for God's sake do marry me now, just to save doing it twenty years hence—unless you prefer the horribly romantic alternative of death. Oh Queen—come down from your throne of sorrow—love is the only true life of a woman—and I really cannot endure seeing you so alone—so alone. I'm lonely myself—I."

I had become confused—awkward—but that helps sometimes more than eloquence. And the Queen took me very kindly by the hand—always as a queen though, and as a tender favor proudly given. She did not know that I saw a tear on her cheek.

Signed and sealed. But don't think it odd of us when I say that for several days we said little or nothing to one another of our future. Went riding with her, played the cavalier, took supper there much as usual, but kept quiet. There's an intolerable affectation sometimes, of this sort of thing among very young people—with us there was good reason for it. When two propose to change the entire conditions of a friendship which has lasted many years and taken in common all the leading scene of life—as we did—it is apt to astonish them. I was awfully astonished the next morning about three minutes after awaking while thinking carelessly about CATALPA to suddenly remember that—— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——we were engaged!!! "She is not so young?" By all that ever thrilled, piquanted or piqued my blood! by all that is delicious, dear and dainty! by all that is fine, fair and flavorous, by all that is exquisite, elegant and extra, by the whole morning service and by this and by that, belles celestial and belles terrestial, I swear that *that* point of delectable maturity is to me the richest, lusciousest, ambrosialest, nectarest taste of savory raciness in the whole morsel. *Ah che gusto!* Think of Balzac (*Sancta Venus, ora pro nobis!*) Of Fan—no matter. But ye, Masters and Mistresses of Arts, who have taken the highest grades—who are truly adepts and wear the Rosie Crosse—know that love between US is the bearded CUPID of the Grecian, gem. To IT, maturity of mind and physique brings something so pungent, sharp, highly-rough, biting, mordant, spicy, seasony, hot, peppery, twangy and capsicomical, yet withal so sweet, so honeyed, so caramelled, so orange-candid, so dulcet fragrant and odorous, that

o o o o o o o o o o o o

Tit. for Tat.

According to a report in the *St. Louis Express*, there is a man now lying under sentence of death in Camden, Arkansas, for the heinous crime of circulating the *N. Y. Tribune*. The *Tribune*, in its remarks upon the matter, attributes its meagre circulation in the Slave States to pleasing little incidents of this sort, and says, "the "people want the *Tribune*, are willing to pay for it; but where the "penalty of buying it is death by strangulation, they very natu-"rally hang back."

Our worthy contemporary here makes a very curious mis-statement. Doesn't it see that if the people only *would* "hang back"—retaliate, that is, and not let all the strangling be done on one side—a stop would very soon be put to these fanatical proceedings?

A hint to the Editor of the World.

"THE GREAT AWAKENING:" The Wide Awakening.

An "Old Saw" Reversed.

The adage saith: "Take care of the *pence* and the *pounds* will take care of themselves." JENKS thinks they don't know this saw in Carmansville, as they have just appointed an Ex-congressman Pound-keeper. Perhaps the Ex-congressman may have shown his dexterity in keeping the people's pence, when in office, and thus feels gratified to keep the pound on the very ground of the adage—that "pounds will take care of themselves."

Poor Fellow!

We met JONES the other day, on his way down town to pay a "little bill" of Mrs. JONES' at STEWART'S. JONES clutched the occasion to confide to us his ideas on matrimony. JONES has tried matrimony and knows. Said JONES: "Before marriage billing and cooing is all very fine, but I tell you, sir, that after a man has entered into the bonds, the cooing loses its charm, and as for the Billing it becomes positively insufferable."

An Original.

A Mr. COPPIA recently, though unsuccessfully, attempted to ascend from Jones' Wood in a balloon *of paper*. He is called upon to change his name, we think, without delay, since this mad feat stamps him a *copier* no more. JENKS adds in a whisper, that if the æronaut had only made his balloon of certain newspapers in this city (such as the ——, the ——, etc.) there would have been no need of further gas inflation.

Cartomantic.

Trumps after Tricks, as the Wizard said to his Musician.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Amiable and clean-shaved North German to Yankee Card-Writer.—YOU SKRIBE ME MINE NAME. ON LIDDLE PITS OF CARTS. GOOT. I DAKES DWO BACKS—VIFTY CENTS. NOW BOOT IT TOWN HEINRICH DIETRICH LOBSCAUSEN VON SCHLACHTENSCHLOGENFELDSCHWEINIGELSCHWINDELSTEIN-EISENBUMMERSPRINGARUMERHINKELEI—"

Card-Writer.—LOOK A HERE, MISTER—TAKE MY HAT IF YOU WANT IT—BUT I CAN'T GET NO SUCH NAME AS THAT DOWN AT THE PRICE. WHY, THE CARD WON'T HOLD IT!

THE TWO SPIRITS.

A green Island in a golden sea, and a purple sky that hung above it, like a dream of love over a sleeping maiden. Far inland, the enchanted forests gloomed and darkened, and from their deep recesses came the murmur of the pines. Sweet fragrance breathed from the hills, and along the shore the waves broke in music. Beneath a little bush, all starred with crimson and azure, slept a little fairy, like a small white cloud dropped from the heavens above. When he shook his golden curls the sun shone brighter, when his breathing stirred the flowers, the music was as that of a wind-harp, and when at last his blue eyes slowly opened in delight, the blue air swam in deeper lustre. Beautiful and happy was the Fairy in his solitude, but on his parted lips, slept the sweet sadness of his bliss.

Now the sun was sinking in a mist of spray, circling within arches over arches of splendor. The Fairy moved his snowy wings, reposing on the air like a swan upon the buoyant wave. He saw the glorious path sparkling over the sea, far away to the wondrous temple, that the spirits of light and air build up as a beautiful dream. He saw the sunset temple rise, as of old enchanted islands rose, then sank again forever. And the vision became dim, as the face beloved too well, seen through tears, is dim, and faded away from the sky, and melted into the sea, and over it, the star of the evening trembled in sorrow.

And far out at sea, the Fairy sought the place where the glory had been, but was not. Then the North frowned, and muttered, and hissed out of darkness, a storm swept the ocean, whirled the waves into mountains, and caught the Fairy in his arms, tossed him to the skies, and dashed him downward to the roaring gulfs. Past affrighted ships, fleeting like ghosts, past ships struggling with the whirlpools that dragged them down; the storm sped on, and the Fairy was the sport of his wrath, until at last, like a giant exhausted of his own strength, prone upon the ocean he had maddened, fell the storm, and like a leaf torn from a tree, the Fairy fluttered feebly on a rock-bound shore.

And at red dawn, upon the brown and barren strand, the fisher maidens found him lying among the wrecks of great ships, and standing apart, said, in low whispers, "Lo! it is the spirit of the Beautiful." But as the first rays of the sun touched him, the Fairy rose, and fearing the storm, fled far from the shore. So it was that the spirit of Beauty left his solitude and wandered away into the world.

At night he heard the roar of a great city, and saw, like the light of a furnace, its fierce illumination kindled on the misty darkness. and he passed through long streets, in which the people struggled like surging waters, and dark alleys in which fear lurked and hid. Rude noises, shocks, and cries rushed by, and forms like those of evil goblins glared at each other as he passed. And his heart sank within him, and he would have fled anew, but behold, even there in toil and woe, he saw suddenly, a brother Fairy, whose wand was tipped with fire, and shone like a star in the darkness.

And he saw that where the light of the wand fell, all things changed and brightened. Upon all ugliness it worked fantastic spells. In its many-colored gleam, mean hovels were as happy homes. Men greeted men with smiles, wan and withered figures were transformed, and the merry voices of the the children rang out like the chime of bells. Music and song and laughter pursued the Fairy as he moved. In the wondrous shadow of the wand, the city seemed no longer wretched, for where the darkness was deepest, there the star shone most brightly.

"Who art thou, brother?" thus spake the spirit of Beauty, in wonder, and the Fairy still waving his wand, replied, "I am he that is called the Spirit of Fun, and I dwell in the cities and the homes of men. With the power to me given, I charm their weary lives. Without me, what would their toil be but sorrow, with neither blessing nor repose. For thee, have I long waited; for behold brother," and the Spirit of Fun pointing with his wand, his smile was even sadder than the other's, "is there not need of both of us?" And the Spirit of the Beautiful, embraced the Spirit of Fun, and together they passed away into the gloom.

And now forever they move throughout the world, blessing with equal power, the children of earth, and he who finds not the one need search no longer for the other.

The Hue and Cry in Canada.

"Orange," and "No Surrender."

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

It is to be presumed that all the readers of VANITY FAIR, have heard of the death of THEODORE PARKER of Boston. But with the exception of the small number who read *The Congregational Herald*, and the larger number who take in the *Tribune* with their other slices of reading, they may not be aware, to use the words of the latter, that the late lamented PARKER "did not die a natural death through the ordinary processes of disease, but was prayed to death, by a praying circle of ladies," held in the parlor of a prominent citizen of Boston. Yes—incredible, horrible, diabolical as it may seem, we are told that certain hags under the monstrous delusion, that they were performing a *religious* rite, actually *prayed* for the death of a fellow creature, and the *Congregational Herald* exults over the fact, avowing its belief that their prayer was approved, exclaiming with joy: "'Was not this one among the numerous answers which God gives to secret prayer?"

To which VANITY FAIR takes the liberty of replying, that no true Christian in existence believes in anything of the kind, and that if such murderous prayers could be answered supernaturally, they certainly would not be by the GOD OF LOVE. We have said enough however to communicate the "awful particulars," and to prevent the reader from forming any misconception of the true spirit of the following lyric:

THE FATAL SISTERS.

N the grandest of parlors in fair Boston town
Met nightly a circle of pious renown,
Whose devout intercessions, 'tis commonly said;
Put Theodore Parker to rest with the dead.

When first 'twas proposed by this excellent mode,
To shorten the journey adown the broad road,
And by dint of stout praying, thro' all sorts of weather,
To stop a man's breath and his "errors" together,
The assembly who longed to have wickedness checked,
Was made up of some ten or a dozen "elect."
Three elderly virgins of aspect severe—
A widow or two, well-advanced in "the rear,"
With several serious matrons who left
Their husbands and children entirely bereft
Of their presence or care, while they knelt to fulfil
This duty delightful, with holy good-will.

'Twas a beautiful sight when they all were convened;
The light of the burners was tenderly screened.
The lustre fell mildly on tables and chairs
And all sorts of marble and china affairs;
It beamed on Miss —— as she slowly uprose,
And softened the curves of her fine Roman nose,
As she opened the meeting with earnest petition
That Parker be hurried forthwith to perdition.
'Twas touching to hear her; such fervor—such unction!
No weak hesitation, no silly compunction,
No poor shilly-shally, or tedious delay,
But "stop him, Lord! stop him! and that right away!"

The petition concluded there followed some more—
Perhaps half-a-dozen, perhaps half-a-score,
Who improved the occasion to gently suggest
What mode of removal would be for the best.
One mentioned a fall from some terrible height,
And one a mis-step from the ferry at night;
Some thought the *lock-jaw* an appropriate way,
While some were for having a little delay
And spoke of the liver as good to attack,
Or wished a bad cold and a slow, wearing hack,
One thought a brain-fever an excellent thing,
One asked a decline, finished off in the spring.
The result of the conclave we all of us know—
Poor Parker; so prayed at, at last had to go.

Now these amiable females, on finding their prayers
So signally useful in human affairs,
Began, as became them, to cast their eyes round
For such other business as next could be found,
And to see what odd jobs in this planet benighted,
Needed their interference and prayers to be righted.
Some fathers of families soon were discerned,
Who objected to spend every cent that they earned,
Who grumbled most vilely at milliner's bills
And thought watering-places unbearable ills.
A hint to Miss —— a few powerful petitions,
And Greenwood received them in spite of physicians.
A lovely young wife next demanded their cares,
Chained to an old husband with gout and gray hairs,
To whom she was married some three years before
In the happy belief he could not reach fourscore;
But that limit was passed, and the wretched old fellow
Though frightfully wrinkled and dismally yellow,
Seemed good for another ten years at the least—
Insisted on going to opera and feast,
Had an eye like a hawk for a bit of flirtation,
And a tongue always ready with coarse condemnation.
What benevolent eye that peruses my ditty,
Could refuse to this sad case the warm tear of pity?
The heart of the pray-ers grew soft with compassion,
And they proved it at once in acceptable fashion.
A will first secured, leaving all his possessions
To his relict, Miss —— then commenced intercessions,
And succeeded so well, that before a week passed
The troublesome husband had scolded his last.

These, and some other cases, too numerous to mention
Attracted, ere long, the kind public attention,
And the means and the objects becoming well-known
Devout ones poured in from each part of our zone.
Husbands petitioning for short'ning the lives
Of their partners—and then, vice versa, the wives,
Dashing young dandies with governors close,
Who considered a prayer as more safe than a dose,
Mothers of troublesome babies, who asked
Rest and relief for their frames overtasked,
Rival practitioners, praying removal
Of those who divided the public approval—
Ill-paid navy-captains who languished for more,
Imploring the death of some old Commodore.
Besides crowds of poor common creatures who prayed
For bread and for shelter, and all sorts of aid;
Such a scene of confusion as shortly ensued
Must be witnessed in order to be understood.
Rival petitions together ascending—
All sorts of hopes and anxieties blending—
Making up such a season, Miss —— was afraid,
That their time would be lost and their usefulness stayed.
Thereupon 'twas agreed to form a committee
Of the saintliest of the Athenian city,

The Spirit of the Times,

After citing an extraordinary match that was to come off between Capt. TRAVIS and another pistol shooter, adds the following :

"This king of marksmen, not satisfied with the host of victories he has achieved, now offers to wager $250 that he can hit a mark without seeing it, and that the mark shall be behind a tree. He says : 'The judges shall select a tree not less than six feet in circumference. A board target, six by five inches in size, shall be be placed behind a tree, at a distance of thirty yards from my position. I shall not see the target, but with my pistol will shoot around the tree, and out of twenty shots will hit the target fifteen times at least, making the ball go around the tree before striking the target. The match to come off within twenty days from this (25th) in Arkansas, within three miles of the city of Memphis ; the place to be selected by the judges.'"

VANITY FAIR takes the bet ! We once did something similar, namely, hit a mark behind a tree, by firing at a spot in the curve of a ploughshare beside it, but then our bullet only went half around the tree. If Capt. JOHN can make his go all around it, he can take our money.

On a well-known Political Editor.

BY A SPITEFUL DEMOCRAT.

If,—as the scholars say,—in mere *surprise*
The real pith of wit and humor lies ;
There's not a joke that Pr-n-t-ce ever cracked,
One half so good as when he states *a fact !*

How to prevent our municipal brigands from running up another carriage bill—

Make them Foot it.

EXPERIMENTAL.

FREDERICK, WHO IS FASCINATED BY THE MAGNETIC TRICKS OF PROFESSOR ANDERSON, PROCEEDS TO INFLUENCE THE "GOVERNOR" BY HITTING HIM A SMART RAP OVER THE HEAD WITH A HORSESHOE WHICH IS THE NEAREST THING TO THE PROFESSOR'S MAGNET HE CAN OBTAIN.

Who should take it in turn to offer petition
For people of every sort and condition.
On every successful prayer that was made
To charge 5 per ct. (as is usual in trade)—
For they justly remarked "If the thing is worth *praying* for,
It is, or it ought to be, surely worth *paying* for.
And if interests clash, as will sometimes take place,
The best-paying parties should carry their case."

On this basis they started ; and business flowed in
With such wond'rous profusion, such oceans of "tin,"
That a pent-up back parlor could hold them no more.
They took the whole house—then the building next door—
And at last—so did wants and petitions flock—
Engaged for their use a whole six-story block.
Their stock, which at first was but ninety a share,
Has gone up at last to I—cannot say where,
And the shareholders in the investment so grand
Are living like nabobs all over the land.

All sorts of requests are sent in from outside.
People accustomed to have their hair dyed
Pray to get back the original hue ;
Ladies with green eyes petition for blue,
Some are desirous of brilliant complexions,
Some to get rid of their vulgar connections,
Candidates beg to carry elections,
School-girls to prosper in their affections,
Poor country parsons send in their desire
For sal'ries to keep them in clothing and fire ;
A certain great publishing-house (where 'tis said
Some hundreds of hard-working folks get their bread,
And 'tis probably true, for we all of us know
If *bread* is not kept there, there's plenty of *dough*)
Offer prayers day and night, by letter and mouth,
For increased circulation through all the broad South.

Controversialists beg to silence objectors—
BELL & EVERETT hanker for fifteen electors—
And some politicians waste all their chink, on
Prayers for the defeat of "honest ABE LINCOLN ;"
But the case of all others of which I have heard,
Most ludicrous, painful and highly absurd,
Was one that came in from the Chief of the Nation,
Who submitted a very decayed reputation,
With prayers most excessive in fervor and dolor
To restore it to some sort of soundness and color.
Miss —— looked the article carefully over,
And (nose buried in handkerchief) tried to discover
Some hope for the patient, but soon had to own,
The best could be done was to let it alone.

But this is, of course, an exceptional case,
And need not discourage the rest of our race.
So let all who are vex'd with misfortune or grief
Send in their petitions and hope for relief.
The business is managed with care and precision,
And Miss —— gives the whole concern strict supervision.

Jenks still on the Central Park.

After his immense display of wit on the "Tipperary Road" (as previously recorded) JENKS had a sporadic attack of joke. He said he considered it fortunate that the Park Police, at least, were dressed in gray. We asked, why ? He replied, because it was the *only quiet shade* he saw there. Then he asked a person, evidently from Gosport, whether he had seen the man who was *ducked* a short time previous ?" The Gosporter answered "N-n-o ! who was ducked ?" To which JENKS solemnly responded "Aqua*duct*," and suddenly disappeared in the "Ramble."

"In the Bonds."

From a recent police-report we take the following toothsome bit :

"A man named JOHN HANEN were yesterday arrested for committing a brutal assault upon his wife. She stated that he had kicked her in the mouth, and knocked out three of her teeth. HANEN was held to bail in bonds to the amount of $500."

Our Cynical Man, who won't be married at any price, wants to know if the bonds here mentioned, are not the "holy bonds of matrimony" that he hears so much about.

Anxious Father.—CHARLES MY DEAR BOY, YOU REALLY MUST NOT SLEEP WITH YOUR WINDOW OPEN. YOUR EYES LOOK TERRIBLY THIS MORNING.

[FOR FULL EXPLANATION OF THE CAUSE OF THE DISORDERED OPTICS, CONSULT THE OTHER SIDE OF CHARLES' NIGHT KEY.]

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

VANITY FAIR OFFICE, Sept. 17th, 1860.

VANITY FAIR presents his compliments to the Noble Army of Punsters and would respectfully inform them, that during the engagement of Mr. EDWIN FORREST at NIBLO'S Garden, all collocations of the names of the great tragedian, and our Cyclopean mayor for the purposes of a sylvan quip will be by him (VANITY FAIR) firmly rejected.

Allusions to the future tense of the verb "will," as "FORREST *would* etc.," or to the green deciduous part of a tree, as "FORREST *leaves*, etc.," will meet with a like fate.

P. S.—Any one of the Noble Army, having on hand a new joke on the Prince of Wales, one that neither suggests wailing, nor is cetaceous in its tendency, is requested to send it in before the 11th of October, as, after that date, there will be no demand for the article.

P. P. S.—A merry quirk on "When is a door not a door?" is in active preparation, and will be produced at an early date.

To the Noble Army
of Punsters.

On a Poet turned Critic.

MAT plays the poet's and the critic's part,
And serves the public with a double art;
For what is *best* the *critic's* pen invites;
To find the *worst*, read what the *Poet* writes.

A SINGULAR CRAFT.

Some unctuous missionary writes a letter about the *Morning Star* (not Venus of that name, for it is well known that clergymen never have any dealings with that goddess, but)—a small brig that the Sunday School children built with five-cent bits, and sent to the Pacific where she rotted directly. Hear this missionary:

"Her white sails are like the wings of a dove, and her flag is an olive leaf. Everywhere in this ocean she has a name and a prestige; everywhere she is the guest of the heathen tribes; and everywhere the shield of heaven covers her, and everywhere the light of heaven shines upon her."

VANITY FAIR submits that this must be a peculiarly unsafe craft. "Sails like the wings of a dove" wouldn't hold a stiff Norther; nor would an "olive-leaf" flag be so substantial a sign of nationality as one made of bunting from a sail-loft in South-street. It is gratifying, however, to know that this pious vessel has "everywhere a name;" but it is not so singular a phenomenon as it might be that "the shield of heaven covers her," or that "the light of heaven shines upon her." The shield aforesaid is popularly supposed to cover even the ships of that wicked man, GEORGE LAW, and Commodore VANDERBILT'S old tubs over in the Pacific get pretty much the same kind of "light" that the *Morning Star* does.

The V. F. is impelled to inquire why certain (not all) clerical gentlemen *will* persist in canting? *Can't* they get along without Cant?

A Train off the Track.

Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN in his recent speech at Birkenhead, England, on the occasion of the inauguration of a street railway in that city, queried this query;

Who ever heard of an American's running any risk in placing unbounded confidence in an Englishman's sense of justice. (Great applause.)"

We don't wish to be unkind in answering Mr. TRAIN where he looked for no answer, or we should certainly suggest the name of one JOHN C. HEENAN, in this connection.

AMINADAB SLEEK AT JONES' WOOD.

"My friends, there is no patriotic duty on earth more gratifying to my feelings than to make a speech over Mr. Lincoln's political grave. [Loud cheers.] I do not make this remark out of any unkindness to Mr. Lincoln, but I believe that the good of his own country requires it."—*Douglas's Speech, Wednesday, September 12th*, 1860.

XUM

PRINCE-OF-WALESIANA.

OW it was said that when the party arrived at Kingston, in Canada, the Duke of Newcastle decided not to land, on account of certain party demonstrations insisted on by sectarians of that piggish little place.

"And what manner of people be they who thus kick up a shindy?" asked the Prince of his attendants.

"Orangemen, an it please your Royal Highness," quoth one.

"Orangemen!" cried the Prince. "Say Applemen, rather—for let them sow never so much the soil with Orange Pippins, the Apple of Discord will ever thence up-spring."

The Prince had just been reading a report of the proceedings of the New York Committee for his reception, when the conversation turned upon the number of royal personages by whom the United States have from time to time been visited. Lord MULGRAVE, at the request of the Prince, enumerated several of these august visitors, including the late LOUIS PHILLIPPE, the present Emperor of the French, King KAMEHAMEHA, and others.

"Yea," rejoined the Prince, "and more—for I find here," said he, unfolding a newspaper, "the name of one who seemeth also to be of kingly house."

"And who may that be, Prince, if I may make so bold?" asked the Lord of MULGRAVE.

"Royal PHELPS," replied the Prince.

"What is the opinion of your Royal Highness about affairs in general?" asked Sir EDMUND HEAD, suddenly waking up from a nap.

"Like your own nose Governor, too much color," replied the Prince, shying the butt end of his cigar at Sir EDMUND's proboscis. "Too much color the world over," continued he; "and I'll tell you how: Black is trying to split the United States, while Orange is doing the same for Canada. *Nimium ne crede colori.*"

The main difficulty at Kingston was the erection of arches by the Orangemen—a feature to which the Duke of NEWCASTLE expressed his very decided objection.

"Did you notice NEWCASTLE last evening?" asked the Prince, addressing General BRUCE: "He has such a horror of an arch with Orange in it, that he wouldn't come on deck that time we all ran up to look at the rainbow."

PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our first article on Dr. WYNNE's elegant but inaccurate volume having made a sensation among the *Literati* of New York, we resume the theme in our present number.

The science of Bibliography, to which we and Dr. WYNNE are devoted, is new in this country, only dating back to the introduction of gas; but it has flourished time out of mind in the Old World, especially in England. One of its greatest professors there was the Rev. THOMAS DIBDIN—"Poor TOM," SHAKSPEARE calls him—the author of "All in the Downs," (a gay ballad) "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea." (written for a singer named BARRY, a native of Cornwall,) and other sailor songs too numerous to mention, except to the marines! He was brought up to the Law, studying in the office of Mr. MONTAGUE, the husband of Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, the correspondent of POPE. and the inventor of vaccination. Mr. MONTAGUE was a writer of some note in the last century, the author of a poem entitled "The Pot of Basil," frequently printed in the works of KEATS and BOCCACIO. The celebrity which this poem conferred upon him caused him to be called Basil MONTAGUE, as the curious reader may see for himself, in any Biographical Dictionary. From this gentleman young DIBDEN derived his fondness for books.

Heber was another famous bibliopole; he was the Bishop of Calcutta, and wrote the beautiful sacred poem "Palestine," commencing,

"Jordan is a hard road to travel."

It is to him that we owe the hymn,

"From Greenland's sunny fountains."

A third collector was Sir MARK SYKES, a Baronet, who got into difficulties about a bill, from which he was called BILL SYKES. He was hanged for murdering his housekeeper, NANCY. (See "Oliver Twist.")

But enough at present of distinguished professors of bibliography. This noble art, as we observed before, is young in this country; but young as it is, it has many ardent admirers, as Dr. WYNNE's book testifies. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the nature of the pursuit, for, between ourselves, dear readers of VANITY FAIR, the bibliopole seldom gets beyond the cover of his books. To do more than this is to become a reader, which your true bibliopole never is. It is enough for him to know the sizes of volumes, quarto, folio, octavo, twelvemo, etc.; to prate glibly of their bindings, Russia, Turkey, original calf, half-bound, uncut, etc.; to mention the different editions and dates, (a fig for dates is never his motto!) in short to know the outside of his books.

This superficial knowledge being all that is necessary to create a library, and to criticise it, is it wonderful, we ask, that our merchants and bankers have Libraries, and that our doctors criticise them? There are, however, critics of another stamp. We have one such in our eye now, (perhaps we write before a mirror,) a gentleman of elegant leisure and "curious learning," who has written largely, and bids fair, it is reported—but modesty forbids our saying more. Who he is, is no business of the reader: what he is, in criticism, will be seen in this article, which ought to make Dr. WYNNE tremble in his gaiters.

We spoke in our last of several prominent collectors, whose libraries are not even alluded to by Dr. WYNNE. We shall now refresh his memory with one or two more, well known to fame, if not to him.

First on our list is DELMONICO, every body's DELMONICO. This gentleman has two libraries, one at the corner of South William street and Exchange Place, the other at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street. The latter is what was formerly called the Irving House, the city residence of WASHINGTON IRVING, the distinguished author of "Sunny Side." Among the rarities in Mr. DELMONICO's collection, are the well-known Latin treatise, *De Gustibus non est Disputandum*, 1st edition, edited by Mrs. GLASS; and ALLISON's Essay on Taste. This celebrated work is by Sir ARCHIBALD ALLISON, author of the History of Europe, from the commencement of the Revolution. (American?) to the Restoration of the BOURBONS. His mother was a sweetheart of the poet BURNS, who wrote a song in her praise,

"Bonny Peggy Allison."

Mr. DELMONICO has a copy of PEASE on the Five Points Mission. [*Nota Bene*: This work is bound up with the Essays of ELIA, and lettered "LAMB and PEASE."] He has also the best editions of the following volumes: COOK's Work, with a Table and Plates. The History of the Sandwich Tongue. Tarts: By a Tartar. *Paté de fois gras:* By a Good Liver. (Portrait of PATTI.) BACON, (uncut.) Claret and Olives. A cut of FRONT DE BŒUF, (rare.) The Apparition of Mrs. VEAL, (full calf.) The Desert. The old romance of Sir LOIN, (very rare.) The unique Provençal romaunt, *Maître d'hotel*: Pome. (DETERRE.) CARVER's Travels. BUTLER's Analogy. Sauce: By ANN CHOVIE, (piquant.) JELLABY on Jellies, a current work. PARTRIDGE's Almanac. LETTICE ARNOLD. Salad for the Solitary. [This copy formerly belonged to SALADIN, who was no chicken.] CRABB's Synonymes. *Revenons a nos Moutons*, (*nice*); and High Bred: By a Master of the Rolls.

The next collector on our list is JACOB LITTLE, Esq., the well-known financier. [Mr. LITTLE, we may remark, *en passant*, is a son of the poet LITTLE, an early friend of THOMAS MOORE.] His collection is not a large one, but many of his volumes are curious, and exceedingly scarce. Among these are the following contributions to Natural History. The History of Bears: By Major URSA. Bears and their Leaders, a posthumous work of Old ADAMS. Miss EDGEWORTH's Irish Bulls, and a complete file of John Bull. (HORNE's set.) He has a unique copy of BRUMMELL on Stocks. Also, The Proper Diet for Horses, with a dissertation on shorts. LONG and SHORT on Time. MERCHANTS on Change. BARBER on Shaving: (notes.) BURDETT's Two per cent. a Month. BILLS on Protest. BAXTER's Call. FLYER on the Kite, (good paper.) SKINNER's Interest Tables. Remarks on Falling Dew, (Mr. LITTLE's notes.) The Advantages of Reading, (wide margin.)

The Library of GEORGE LAW was purchased, we understand, at contract. It has nothing worthy of remark, except the following volumes. STORY on Precedents, (with portraits of several disappointed candidates, among others, that of Mr. LAW himself.) HAWKS on the Quarry. The works of BRIDGES, (Sir. EGERTON?) The Bridge of Sighs, (with a sketch of the High Bridge at Harlem.)

Bubble and Squeak, the gift of Mr. LAW's father, JOHN LAW, the author of the Mississippi Bubble. The Works of HOOK. The Plays of STEELE, etc. Mr. LAW has two or three MSS curiosities, such as the holograph of the old songs, "Riding on a Rail," "She sat in the low-backed car," and "Poor old horse, let him die," Mr. LAW's favorite song is BOKER's "Ferry me over the ferry."

The last bibliopolist on our list is F. S. COZZENS, Esq., not F. W. COZZENS, as Dr. WYNNE erroneously styles him. [Did Dr. WYNNE ever read "The Initials?" If not we beg to recommend it to him before he writes another work on libraries.] Mr. COZZENS, who, by the way, is a son of COUSIN, the Philosopher, is the proprietor of the West Point Hotel, a favorite summer resort; for a description of which see APPLETONS' New American Cyclopædia. He is said to be the Prince of good fellows, and has a large circle of friends, chief of these are CHARLEY ELLIOTT, LEWIS CLARKE, and SPUYTENTUYFEL, LELAND. Elliott, commonly called "The Indian Apostle," is known by his translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue; Clarke by his bulky Commentary, and his Travels in the West with Lewis; and Spuytentuyfel, by a spicy work on Mace.

But to Mr. Cozzens's books. His collection, Dr. Wynne informs us, is rich in treatise on wines, and works relating to the war in Columbia. He mentions some of the latter, but omits the most important—BARLOW's Columbiad, and the famous patriotic song, "Hail, Columbia." Of the former, viz: the treatise on wines—he gives no specimens—a deficiency in his volume, which we propose to remedy. Here are a few of Mr. Cozzens's rarities: LONGWORTH's Dictionary of Wines. HEADSICK on Sham Pains. The History of Djinns, including the Cotton Gin, and London Club House. *Hinc illa Lacrymæ*, (CHRISTY's copy.) A Winter in Madeira, DIX. [The early productions of this author, who is our present Post Master, stamp him as a man of letters. We wish we could say the same of his late efforts!) The History of London Docks, (port.) LAFITTE, or the Pirate of the Gulf. The Genealogy of the BOURBONS, particularly Bourbon Whiskey. Popular Antiquities. Brands'. [There are many brands, we forget how many, having lent our Allibone—but Mr. Cozzens, we are sure, has the choicest!] The Case of Catawba, (sparkling.) The Chateaus of France, with a sketch of Chateau Margôt.

Mr. Cozzens, who is constantly on the watch, has a number of curious seals, particularly the Green Seal of Clicquot, which he values highly. He has also a rare cabinet, of which we shall say nothing. (Mumm's the word!) Besides this he owns that (according to Dibdin) never-enough-to-be coveted treasure of a great collector—a press of his own. (The Wine Press.)

A few titles from his miscellaneous collection, and we have done to-day.

Northern Antiquities. MALLETT. (COOPER's Copy.) CARPENTER's Works. (boards.) JUNKIN on the Oath. (Demi-octavo.) MARTINGALE on Horses. HURD's Works. (Deaf BURK's copy.) CHAUCER's Plug. COMBE on the Head. TARTAR on the Teeth. HOOD on Hawks and MONKS. Pickens of Fat Offices. The Gallic Cock. (FAWCETTE's copy.) Tenderlines, By A. BUTCHER. SMITH on Forgery. The Sharp Blade, HONE. Mother CARY's Chickens, (with portraits of ALICE and PHŒBE.) PHŒNIX On Ashes. NOYES On the Still, (with a portrait of the author, Dr. J. G. NOYES, *ci-devant* editor of the *Knickerbocker*, now emphatically on the still!) SCREWS in Cork. (Drawings.) FISH on Net Profits. The Rod of AARON. BIRCH. The Spouter's Friend, SIMPSON. TAYLOR's Suits, (hot pressed.)

P. S. If sufficient encouragement shall be given, this series of articles will be continued *ad nauseam, ad infinitum*, and afterwards collected into a volume, like Dr. WYNNE's. It will be entitled,

"The Very Private Libraries of New York."

Subscriptions received (invariably in advance) at the office of VANITY FAIR.

A Pretty Critic!

That extraordinary creature, the *Herald's* Prince of Wales reporter, had, in a recent letter, the following self-complacent paragraph:

"The London *Times'* letters describing the Prince's progress have at length reached Canada, and are displayed in every reading room. They provoke much laughter, not less by their tardiness than by the inaccuracies which they display in statements about the habits of the people, the geography of the country and even the most common statistics."

If we thought the *Herald* man could by any possibility understand us, we should tell him that ignorance as to geography or even statistics is not so gross an offence as an utter lack of all decent and manly spirit, such for instance, as has been exhibited in his own snobbish and illiterate correspondence. But as these things are far past the comprehension of the Satanic reporter, we refrain.

THE INDEPENDENT INDEPENDENT.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

MIABLE VANITY:—I am a subscriber to *The Independent* newspaper. How could I go and do it? I didn't go and do it, a man in a black coat and green spectacles, came and did me. Said 'twas a Christian paper. Said 'twas a family paper. (He was right, though I did not so understand him. He meant, I suppose, a BEECHER-family paper.) Said 'twas the best paper in the world. Should he put me down? Oh yes! And he did put me down.

The consequence is, sir, that I have formed a most intimate acquaintance with the BEECHER family. Also with THEODORE, surnamed TILTON, but he isn't of much account. There's old Mr. BEECHER, I have the pleasure of hearing from him occasionally. There's Brooklyn BEECHER, otherwise called HENRY WARD BEECHER, when he walks or rides, or drives, or lectures, or catches fish, or has the measles in his family, or receive a gift from a shop-keeping parishioner, or refuse the degree of Doctor of Divinity, or misses a railway train, or takes cold, I know it by the next *Independent*. There's Mrs. BEECHER STOWE, she is in Italy, and prints me a letter to assure me of the fact. There's Conflict-of-ages BEECHER, he turns up occasionally conflicting with something. I know all the friends of the family. I know all the enemies of the family. I have the pleasureable pain of seeing some reverend gentleman smashed in every number. If they don't smash a man they smash a society. Then, with Mr. ALLEN BUTLER's humorous articles and Mr. HORACE GREELEY's political articles, renders my Sunday reading most virtuously melancholy; and when I come to the funny commercial gent. who does the markets, I am in the last stages of despair, for he is the most dismally droll and ungrammatical commercial gent. of my acquaintance.

Under these disheartening circumstances, I do not wonder that the managers of *The Independent* have made a successful effort to be spicy and wicked. We have all heard of M. MIRABEAU, an eloquent French gentleman, he was, much given to rhetoric and violations of most of the Ten Commandments, and of one of them in particular. Had a habit (as *The Independent* gently expresses it) of "forming tender relations of one sort or another." Formed a tender relation with Marchioness SOPHIE DE MONNIER, who (says the virtuous *Independent*) was "wearied to death by her husband." "MIRABEAU" (says the considerate *Independent*)" was susceptible. SOPHIE'S "charms" (according to the critical *Independent*) "were of no ordinary character." *The Independent* dwells with delight upon her eyes, her nose, and her hair. *The Independent* dilates upon the details of her elopement for the benefit of young and discontented wives in general. *The Independent* tells us (pious *Independent*) that "God gave them a child to purify their intimacy." *The Independent* sentimentally relates the pathetic tale of their separation, and just hinting that SOPHIE, with her fine nose, eyes and hair,

found new lovers after rather a miscellaneous fashion, tells how she finally charcoaled herself into eternity.

And this is the stuff that the religious *Independent* sends to me, to be read by my little girl. Here is a nice, pure, unspotted family newspaper for you! How would Mr. Beecher like it, I wonder, if I should introduce, under religious pretences, into *his* family: The Private Life of Madame Pompadour, The Novels of Aphra Behn, The Memoirs of Count de Grammont, or Life of Harriet Wilson? These are all celebrated, important, historical characters. Will Mr. Park Godwin continue in *The Independent* the Scandalous Chronicle which he has so well begun? New Year's Day is approaching. Suppose, upon that happy anniversary, that I should present to Mr. Beecher's daughter—if he has any—copies of Ernest Maltravers and Alice, with two or three other "extra volumes" as Mr. John calls them? Wouldn't there be a row in the Beecher household! Suppose the Rev. Mr. Beecher should find that I had sent his little flock Count Hamilton's Fairy Tales! Wouldn't there be a confiscation and a conflagration? And yet it is all right for Mr. Beecher to send the Memoirs of Mirabeau's Mistress into my household! Very good! We shall have the confessions of J. J. Rousseau in *The Independent* next.

What, my dear V. F., *is* a religious newspaper? Leaving you to ponder this puzzling question, I remain,

Yours in disgust,
Peter Pantaloon.

Which?

One of the Philadelphia papers says that that town is "a type of the better land." Aboriginal copper-faced, like printers', or brass?

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES.

The dear old lady—she can't, for her life, see how it is that people make out to tell the time by these dials, though she has studied one over this half hour!

N. B.—It will be observed that the D. O. L. referred to, has kept her umbrella up, during the investigation.

TOUCHSTONE IN THE TABERNACLE.

As extremes are said to meet, so the Evangelical Church would appear to be upon the eve of reviving "The Monks of Old," in all the historic hilarity of their lightsome laughing "Ha! ha!" It is but a few weeks since an advertisement appeared in all the daily journals, underlining a comic parson whose experiences were "nightly received with roars of laughter," in Hope Chapel or some other bower of eglantine where the comic muse divides the hour with religion. Could more than this have been said of Sam Cowell? Over there in London, our dreary young friend the Rev. Spurgeon has lately been tumbling for coppers in a structure called the "Metropolitan Tabernacle," conveniently situated hard by the Elephant and Castle in Southwark. We have just been reading a report of the Rev. Spurgeon's performance on the occasion referred to. It was very funny.

The Rev. person opened his remarks by an allusion to the ground upon which the Tabernacle stands, asserting that it—the ground—"had been as much given to them by the Lord as if an angel had come down from heaven and cleared it." The fun of this may not be obvious at first sight—indeed some people would never see it. It consists in the speaker's familiarity with sacred things, by which a being with wings, but otherwise rigged out in the equipments proper to a backwoodsman, is conjured up to the imagination of the audience as occupied in removing the primeval forest from a wild lot in the heart of London without any trees upon it.

This sally of tabernacular humor was so well received by the intelligent hearers, that the Rev. performer began to see his value, and declined doing any more tricks until the comparatively insignificant sum of one thousand pounds sterling, had been deposited in his hat. He subsequently relented, however, and compromised the matter for nine sixty, which amount was raised by those who were anxious to see the fun out—and the performance went on.

"A few rough sketches" of his recent continental tour formed the principal feature of the Rev. young man's entertainment. The sketches were very rough—shark's hide might have been as velvet compared with them. What struck him most on the passage to Antwerp was a detachment of recruits for the Pope's Irish brigade. These, quoth Rev. Spurgeon, "were the most irregular-looking brutes he ever saw, and the captain said they were not fit to cut up for mops—among the whole lot there was not more than one pocket-handkerchief and some cold potatoes." Mark the humor of the alliteration in the words "pocket-handkerchief" and "potatoes:" also the sparkling character given to the *tableau* by the culpable poverty of the accursed brigadiers. The grammar, to be sure, is not very precise—"not more than some cold potatoes" being vague and unsatisfactory: but that, like the fun, is of the tabernacle tabernacular.

After this, as we are told, "Mr. Spurgeon proceeded to give cursory notes of the chief points of interest in his tour, many of his remarks exciting loud laughter." Talking of Antwerp, Rev. young man said—"He saw articles for sale there that were horribly indecent and vulgar. He blushed to recollect them." The humor of this was that there were a great many ladies present, and the delicate allusion to things unmentionable must have been highly gratifying to them. Rev. Spurgeon did not explain what the "vulgar articles" alluded to by him were; but it is just possible that one of them might have been revealed to him while he was shaving.

In Belgium the Rev. humorist waxed indignant because the women do more work than the men. Rev. young man waxed muscular, even, and said that were he—Spurgeon—a strapping Belgian female, wouldn't he wallop his—Spurgeon's—husband; that's all!

We are glad that the Rev. Spurgeon is not a strapping Belgian female; because, judging from his portrait, we should not think him calculated to look lovely in the feminine garb.

A Joke for our Paris Subscribers.

Whenever a revolution takes place in France, the Emperor may depend, at least upon one portion of the community remaining his Liege subjects. We refer to the cork-cutters.

Artistic effect in Central Park.

The commingling of Swan White with Lake.

WEISS-BIER.

EVERY poet has praised his wine,
Each has a tipple he calls divine,
But mine has no song, though 'tis fine and clear
So here's for the German, cool Weiss-bier.

He who has been in the Prussian land,
Where the Spree goes wandering slow through sand,
In the city where Art is of great account,
But where other ideas to nothing amount,
Has stared in awe when he saw appear
A stunning "seidel" of cold *Weiss-bier*.

Beautiful beer! how it foams and creams!
Like liquid amber then rolls in streams;
Know you the Saxon maids divine,
Or "the braided locks of girls of Rhine,"
In this beer the hue of their curls is seen
So they call it, in glasses, a cool Blondine.

The tower-like glasses—how proudly they rise
From the table level—from breast to eyes,
Unchanged in shape since that early day,
When they heard the lute of old Luther play
As he sang that man without women and song,
Remains a driveller, life along.

Cool Blondine! They may call thee weak,
And few in thy praise may sing or speak;
True thou wantest the Southern fire,
And yet a blondine may awake desire,
And surely there's something warmer than ice
In the genial atmosphere of *Weiss*.
Be that as it may, while I live here
I'll sing of my amber blonde, white beer.

PERENNIAL JOKES.

When we look calmly down from our elevation, and survey mankind with extended views, what restlessness, what discontent do we not find. What feverish longing for change, what a seeking out of new inventions! We behold—but stop—this is not what we mean—we are opening in rather too lofty a style, and find ourselves in danger of getting profound and philosophical. We merely wish to make a few remarks in relation to the lighter and more sportive walks of literature—in short, to Jokes. We would respectfully ask, why cannot people be comfortable and conservative? Wherefore should we undergo such throes and pangs, such parturient perturbations, with such *mus*-cular results merely for the sake of a quaint conceit or a creaking pun which at best only flashes like a meteor for an instant, and then vanishes for ever? Why not be contented with the good old fruity jokes, which have stood the test of time, and grown mellower with each revolving year? We propose to mention a few which have done the state some service, and are still in the prime of life.

In the first place, we find that exquisite littte pleasantry which supposes New Jersey to be a foreign clime, and suggests annexing it to the United States—a right merry jest my masters! How often has it brightened the domestic hearth and rendered sportive—not to say frisky, even the ponderous columns of the solemn dailies. How often on the stage has it brought down the house, and brought up the ingenious playwright who has the wit to use it. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety, and yet the great originator of this solace to mankind, sleeps in a nameless grave, instead of a monument of enduring brass.

Verily there is such a wealth of illustrations of our subject, that we scarcely know which to select from the shining array.

Let us take the dignified and exemplary female upon the City Hall, who if not exactly a "little joker," herself; has been from time immemorial an occasion of jokes in others. In fact to such an extent has this practice been carried, that we are tempted to follow the fashion and exclaim (antiquely enough) Fie—at Justitia!

Then there is His Excellency, our noble mayor, that Christian Polyphemus, even he has his little one-idea joke, which

> Like the memory of the just
> Will flourish when he sleeps in dust.

There is an immense joke about Boston of which some of our readers may have heard with many ramifications—such as—Modern Athens—Village Common—State House—Frog-pond—Hub of the Universe etc. This has been a very hard working joke, and is now in its old age, "frosty, but kindly," and long may it wave!

Boston reminds us of EVERETT, and the much enduring jokes about him and his connection with the *Ledger*, which furnish half the capital of certain journals of our time. Who was the sacrilegious individual who first made a pun upon the august name of the respectable EDWARD? We fear that his organ of reverence must have been dreadfully collapsed.

The newspapers also have their general utility jokes, some of which have attained to a high degree of excellence. The *Times* had one a year or two ago, which promised exceedingly well, but at present it is so out at "elbows," that we refrain from alluding to it further. We also spare the infant *World* and its newly fledged jokelings, and earnestly hope they may flourish and grow in grace.

The *Tribune* has a magnificently developed joke which consists of a grave preface, or caveat, whenever it fills a page or two with a full report of any particularly wicked transaction, in which preface it deplores the exceeding sinfulness of mankind, and states that it wishes the world were better; but since such things exist, it is clearly a duty to its fellow creatures to show them up, and thus proclaim the hideousness of vice; that the thing carries its own moral with it, but nevertheless, to be on the safe side, it (*The Tribune*) will furnish another moral *gratis*, that in short, it wishes to show that when people sin Nemesis is immediately after them with the sharpest of sticks, etc. The exemplary Mr. PECKSNIFF, after eating and digesting a good dinner, was wont to reflect that he had set in motion a set of beautiful machinery, thus showing the wisdom and goodness of God, and by this means conferred a benefit upon his fellow creatures. In like manner the *Tribune* publishes in full the spicy details with an attractive heading, which creates a demand for the paper, (always with the wholesome warning) and then consider that it has proved a blessing to its race, and thanks God that it is not as other men who print the same details, but without any moral to deodorize them. We are inclined to give this joke precedence even over that about New Jersey. It is more "solemn like," and solemnity in a joke is one of the chief requisites for enduring fame.

We find that individuals have their permanent and working jokes, as distinguished from their sporadic and fugitive efforts. Thus Mr. KEITT when making a speech always jumps into the ring and requests to be furnished with the Federal edifice, that he may raze it from turret to foundation. The illustrious and hot-headed sage of Accomac formerly possessed a pet joke, which consisted in proposing to seize the arsenals and archives of government, and slope with the Custom House, but of late years it has grown decrepid as things are apt to do in the Old Dominion. Well! as Mrs. HARRIS justly observes "such is life, which likewise is the hend of all things."

But we have neither time nor space to pursue this fertile theme. We trust that our moral is short, and easy to remember, merely that we have a great deal to be thankful for, and we conclude as we commenced by asking, why cannot people be contented and take the jokes the Gods provide, instead of racking their brains and gashing their beards in the wild pursuit of useless fancies.

In Aurea Sæculo.

The "World" before it took Theatrical advertisements.

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"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

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"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

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"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

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